



# W--LL. BR--CE's G H O S T.

## A C T II.

GHOST.



WAKE! awake!

*Pol.* Ah, ah! Old Mole, art there again? What's thy Errand now? When last we parted, you had gone to Rest I thought, resolved no more to trouble me.

*Gb.* I cannot rest, and am amazed you can: What Month is this? what Day To-morrow?

*Pol.* I do not come to Bed to reckon Time; to Sleep the Night's devoted.

*Gb.* Is it not the Eve of the ever-memorable S—nteenth of D—ber?

*Pol.* It may, what then? I am no Papist, to make a Vigil of the Eve of any Holyday?

*Gb.* I speak to thee as a Politician, not as a Religionist; full well I know thou hast none of that about thee. But say, where will you be To-morrow, and what a doing?

*Pol.* In the usual Course, 'tis like; at one or two past Noon creep to ——— from thence at six, to good Chear till twelve or one, and then to Slumbers, and to snore in Down.

*Gb.* O rare Account of Time and Business! Are you prepared to celebrate the Day?

*Pol.* Nothing extraordinary is propos'd that I have heard of: If the Mob's disposed to Mirth and Riot, we'll give them Drink and Bonfires.

*Gb.* Ah! poor deluded People! what horrid Face! how long is this to last?

A

*Pol.*

*Pol.* We'll spin it out another Act, and by that time we do compute the Actors will be tired.

*Gb.* But since last I saw thee : say, what have you done, by which the common Good may be promoted ?

*Pol.* Why, yes ; we have sought Means to strengthen our Party, and have spared no Pains.

*Gb.* Is that a National Concern ?

*Pol.* Oh ! of all others the greatest ; it is the principal Thing, and all others trivial : Before we proceed, we must sweep and purge the House. Oh ! for the Spirit of old *Pride*, what would we give for such a Broom : Alas ! we're tied to Forms.

*Gb.* Why, it were better to save Time, since you are determined !

*Pol.* Art thou turn'd Droll ? Curse o'thy babbling Tongue ; thou'lt go and publish what we say, and thus give new Occasion for Mirth and Ridicule.

*Gb.* It never was my way. Nature formed me grave and serious ; at Vice or Folly I ne'er cou'd laugh : I had too much Phlegm, by that my Span was shorten'd. My Zeal consumed, and eat me up.

*Pol.* I know it. Of the same Complexion thou art still ; but at thy Seriousness others laugh. Our last Dialogue was printed here ; ever since we have been the publick Sport and Butt of Ridicule.

*Gb.* Cease to be ridiculous, and thou wilt not be laugh'd at : Speak Truth, follow Right, and who will harm thee ?

*Pol.* How like a Fool thou pratest ; it was by speaking Truth I gave Occasion ; my Frankness had nigh undone us. Many were stagger'd and began to doubt of going longer with us. If we mean to prosper, we must with Truth and Right shake Hands. They will not serve our Purpose.

*Gb.* May every Purpose then be blasted ! But say, when will my Country be at Peace ?

*Pol.* Go to the Oracle, I deal not in Divination ; but we are struggling for it : We have foil'd them twice—if twice more we are victorious, the Contest we compute must end. When Men are sure to be beaten, they will contend no longer.

*Gb.* That may be, and Discord still continue ; the Rancour may increase ; Gloominess and Discontent I see on every Brow. You know by whose Temper and Modesty they've been restrain'd ; it will burst out, and end in Violence. They're a strong and numerous Band ; in Rank  
and

and Fortune they outweigh you, and to say the Truth have been ill treated.

*Pol.* Mere childish Fears! what can they do? Still we out-number them, and doing so, have nought to fear; besides we out-general them; we cut off their Head, by which the Body was compacted and all the Members did their Office: They are voluptuous, fat, and lazy, not fit for Council or Intrigue.

*Gb.* With all this boasting the Odds is very small, and other Things considered, of less account; the Scale is now so nearly equal, that some few Grains Troy-weight, I dare say, would turn it. Look over your List, methinks I see —

*Pol.* I know what thou wouldst say, too petulant thou art. Bafe it is to suspect Men of being venal, who for their Country's Cause so long did suffer, and so greatly: We have our Catalogue of Martyrs; *in the first Row of the Rubrick you may read them.*

*Gb.* From such Martyrs *good Lord deliver me; and pardon me for praying in Prelatic Form.* Your Sufferings however are requited, and that is all you look'd to. Thy Country's Wrongs are unredressed; her Wounds yet bleeding call for Vengeance: On your devoted Heads, if no where else, it ought to fall; in the End it will.

*Pol.* A lying Prophet thou, I trust. Why dost plague me thus? I took thee for a Friend, thou art become their Advocate and plead their Cause.

*Gb.* I am the Advocate of Truth, and mean to charge you home. You complained of *Prerogative*, what Strides it made; a new one introduced, and strained to such Excess, that the common Liberty and Rights of Freemen, all were in danger of being lost. To assert the one, or save the other, what have you done? what Step have taken? The same, whereof ye did accuse them, you have done yourselves, nay more and worse. The guilty Scene affrights me! I blush for your Baseness. Remember, on this memorable Day, what was said and done; the awful Solemnity in which the Debate was ushered and conducted; the Shouts of Triumph in which it ended; *OUR COUNTRY'S SAVED!* you cried aloud; the Sound still vibrates on my Ear; the Thunder of your Voices shook the Land! The Rabble houted, clapt their chopt Hands, threw up their sweaty Night-caps, because—because—for what? I cannot say; for by the same Voices, and by Means more base, deceitful, that dreaded *Prerogative* is now established, and

extended, in surer fuller Form, than even then was measured.

*Pol.* Ill-manner'd Ghost! thou'rt mad, beside thyself! I with thy fellow Fiends would call thee hence, back to thy Dungeon; too subtle now to grasp, or I would move to have thee taken into Custody.

*Gb.* In vain thou threatenest. I know thy Temper cruel, and vindictive; thou hast no Power to hurt me. Eternally I will haunt and vex thee.

*Pol.* I am but one, there are others to blame as well as I, go and account with them.

*Gb.* Hereafter I will; each in his Turn: But thou first didst kindle into Flame the Fire, which now to general Conflagration tends, and threatens Desolation, more to be dreaded than an Earthquake! Hast heard what happened late at *Lisbon*?

*Pol.* I have, and pity the Distress.

*Gb.* And hast no Fears that the same, or somewhat as bad may happen here? Are your Sins less or fewer? Have not Truth and Justice fled the Land? What Signs that either are regarded? Think, O think what may befall you!

*Pol.* Founded on the great Deep, and inviron'd with Waters, we sit in Safety; here the Causes natural cannot operate. Would you be quiet, for other Things we'll take our Chance.

*Gb.* The Day will come, and who may abide its coming?

*Pol.* When it comes, it will come; so good Night, and let me rest.

*Gb.* Witness, ye Sons of Liberty, the Words I bear. Ye have lost all Sense, and Feeling; it must be so, or surely you would avenge your Country's Wrong! Will you appear To-morrow in your Badges?

*Pol.* Doubtless! what! lay aside our Glory!

*Gb.* I will tear them from you, and with them the corrupted Hearts of those that wear them. Ill-fated *Ireland*! to bear such Snakes and Vulturs in thy Bosom. But Peace my Soul! the People will not bear it; some Sense of Virtue still they have: What a Day may bring forth, no one can tell, I'll wait the Event.

*Pol.* Ay do; you'll wait till you are tired, if you hope for aught from them. I told thee before, they're all benumb'd; leesh'd in like Hounds, they crouch, and run and cry as we direct them. What is done, is past; it cannot be



be recalled, nor could it be avoided : The Mark we shot at, we have hit, *We've got our P—ces.*

Gb. Are all restored?

Pol. All to a Trifle ! One only mis'd, who his own Fortune marr'd.

Gb. By what Means ? He labour'd more than you all, and more deserved.

Pol. His Part he over-acted ; he spoke too long, too loud ; he was imprudent ; his Friends are sorry for him.

Gb. Did you give him up ?

Pol. In Effect we did.

Gb. And how have you stopp'd his Mouth ?

Pol. By telling him there was nothing yet that was good enough for him.

Gb. Poor Food, whereon to dine ! Was he weak enough to trust to that ?

Pol. Oh yes ! *the F—ow's vain !* To sooth him more, we had him introduced, and some slight Words at second-hand we told him ; as thus, *Enter into Business, behave properly,* — is not vindictive.

Gb. Is this then Fact, did what you tell me really pass ?

Pol. It did. What can the Man do ? He could not stand alone ; the others would not receive him, or if they did, they could not serve him.

Gb. Of that you're not so sure.

Pol. It is as much as they can do, to keep those they have.

Gb. How ! do you think they'll break ?

Pol. I do, they've no Cement to bind them ; 'tis *Sysphæan* Labour ; with Tide and Wind both against them. To that Streight reduced—either to quarrel with — or give up his Friends. He falls, to rise no more ! there's Policy—will not that extort your Praise ?

Gb. Subject of Wonder I do see, none yet of Praise. \* It is wonderful I own. Your warmest Wishes could not have raised such Hopes.

Pol. It is true ! dismay'd we were, and quite confounded at his coming ! that Instinct, Nature's strongest Tie, would draw against us, we did conclude ; but so it is ; and now, he cannot leave us, if he would.

Gb. You reckon then, that your Scheme in all its Parts will take.

Pol. We do ; as I told you before there is no Third. But hark you, Truepenny, is there no End of your Discourse ?

Gb.

\* *Quæ miremur habemus, quæ Laudemus, exputamus.*

*Gb.* Not till you amend.

*Pol.* What would you have me do ?

*Gb.* Perform your Promises.

*Pol.* Others were as deep in the Plot as I, and acted all their Parts. Again I say, go and commune with them.

*Gb.* But you answered for the rest, and were their Bondf-man to me ; on the Faith of thy Promises I discipled all my Sect, and for any Enterprize had them ready.

*Pol.* You helped me to my Purpose, it is true ; I used thee as a Tool, it was all I meant. 'Tis strange you're free to roam about, to Chains and Darkness I thought thee doom'd.

*Gb.* No ! By Sincerity I did Mercy find ; but thou hast not that to plead : Thy Account will be most dreadful !

*Pol.* When I am summon'd I will think of it ; so prithee leave me.

*Gb.* I have not yet done with thee. My Country is at stake, torn by Faction and by Discord.

*Pol.* If that be all, you'll quickly find Repose, 'tis near an End.

*Gb.* I see no Signs, and all that come from hence tell quite a different Tale.

*Pol.* Some silly Dotards, I suppose, who nothing know of what is doing.

*Gb.* By what hath been, and is, the Wise may judge of what will be ; if the Event be near, or certain, by Marks and Tokens pray explain it, and you will give me Comfort.

*Pol.* It needs no Explanation ; in each Essay we've got the Victory ; they owned—they yielded to our Power ; and when they struck, we laugh'd, insulted at their Folly.

*Gb.* By that the Breach grows wider, the Foundation of your Discord deeper, stronger, laid. Hitherto you have fought with great Advantage ; should the Tide turn, soft Gales of Favour fill their Sails, they'd bear you down ; they've weightier Metal.

*Pol.* But still we hold the Helm, and do the Vessel steer.

*Gb.* For that to accidental Circumstances you are indebted ; which varying, it may be wrested from you.

*Pol.* It cannot be, we're so obliging, we refuse him nothing. The K— Business you see is done.

*Gb.* They help'd it on, as well as you, and thence have proved, the Principle on which they acted upright and sincere.

*Pol.*

*Pol.* We could have done without them ; without us, they could not.

*Gb.* With equal Smoothness and Facility, perhaps they could not ; but had they been disposed, they wanted not Opportunities to embarrass and embroil you. Discretion great, and Modesty they shew'd ; unobserved it could not pass ; to those whose Will must in the End determine, it will be represented. In Complaisance, indeed, you equal, nay, outdo them, alas ! too far ! The same Construction though it will not bear ; to Necessity, and not to Choice, it will be imputed. For Trust or Confidence it gives no Ground ; yet such a Trust must be established, before the Nation can be safe, or any lasting Good proposed.

*Pol.* Where hast thou been, and conversed of late ? These Politics are too refined ; thou'rt turn'd a Courtier.

*Gb.* No, Wretch ! 'tis you have changed ; nor was the meanest Sycophant in D——'s Train more supple, or more fawning. Recollect, since the 7th of October what has passed, and tell me if I charge you falsely. In what have you your Characters sustain'd ? more than D—— ask'd you've done, each Act of his have fully justified ; his injur'd Honour vindicated, and washed him clean.

*Pol.* We did not mean it, I do assure you.

*Gb.* So far I will believe thee. Nor is that all, the greatest Part of the S—on now is over, and no one National Concern so much as thought of.

*Pol.* We could not help it ; the El—ons were the Points on which to shew our Strength, none other served or offered to secure us ; when they are over, of the Public we will think. But upon the whole you may perceive the Good we've done.

*Gb.* As how, in what Respect ? I should be glad to hear.

*Pol.* By our Example, in Times to come, what Profit thence our Sons may reap.

*Gb.* If right I apprehend, I rather fear you have intailed both Misery and Thralldom on your Sons.

*Pol.* Consider well the Case ; formerly, with our Neighbours we were of small account, a Herd of Slaves ! impelled and driven at Will of every V— R— By this last Step we're grown considerable : to every Purpose we must now be courted ; henceforward, no popular Leader must be disobliged ; we have fixed a Ladder on which Ambition may safely climb, have taught them a Game on which they may stake their All, because they're sure to win.

*Gb.* Thus young Beginners are drawn in, by those who know the Game, and in the End are ruined. Then take Advice, at the same Hazard ne'er stake much again, 'tis a Game that must be nicely play'd ; as long as you have the Trumps and all the Honours you are safe ; but if ever the Honours are against you, you're surely beaten, and undone.

*Pol.* They must be wretched Bunglers then ; for you know we beat them, when the Honours were against us. *Gb.*

Gb. You did ; but *they* bungled then, which probably again may never happen ; for then too, you had all the small Trumps ; and I doubt the People are not such Gudgeons, as to be twice caught with the same Bait. You discover'd your Plot too soon ; they can't but see that you are Tricksters, and they've been cheated.

Pol. But the Thing has been so much so often practised in our Mother Country, that I see no Reason it should not be copied here ; for my own Part, I do compute the Precedent will take. The BADGES we now wear, like *Relicks* will be shewn on sacred Holyday, on which our Sons may read, the Way their Fathers rose to Fame and Fortune.

Gb. Numbers I rather think will blush and hide them ; but this apart ! for your Comparison there is no Ground ; in numberless Respects the Cases differ. What slight Contingents may defeat the Scheme ? In any given Case, say should your S——n be resolved, and not comply, what would happen ?

Pol. The Case you put can never happen ; he must comply ; *we keep the P—se*, and thence could force him.

Gb. How idly thou dost prate : YOU hold the P—se ! you've parted with it, and in a way never to be recalled. Even the proud ——— who in Form of a Gladiator stood to guard it, hath sheathed his Sword. You've given away the Whole. A MONSTROUS SUM ! for four or five Employments. Had — done this, what hideous Outcry had been raised ! O Ireland ! *into what a Snare art thou fallen ?* This only Comfort now awaits thee, that into the Snare they spread for others, themselves must quickly fall.

Pol. Poor silly Ghost ! we're out of Danger ; nor G— nor D—l do we fear ! no Power on Earth can shake us now ; *Freedom and Independency, to us and to our Children, we have secur'd.* Go tell it to the World ! proclaim the Tidings ! Loud as a Trumpet raise your Voice.

Gb. *Freedom* is a Word I like, not so the other ; its Sound affrights me ; see you explode it ; it will be a Mill-stone about your Necks. Remember the Apothecary !

Pol. Full well I do ; he spoke the Sense the Sentiments of every Freeman here, which now we dare avow ; our S—— hath set his Seal, and confirmed it to us. If you object to this, go tax ———

Gb. What he hath done, he may retract ; which should he do, you'll sink, unpitied fall ! But now no more ; the Cock's Alarum I hear. I'll call again, for I have more to say.

Pol. The Devil go with thee, and take thee into keeping, I desire no more to see thee. *I don't know—I cannot say—what others think—for my Part if—Gentlemen will be of Opinion—But, &c. &c. &c.*

B I N I S.